

Steve and stockings; the stockening (sequel) by Kiram

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Summary:

I was disassociating when I made this, lol, so it's not top quality. It's the continuation of my work 'Steve and Stockings'. Steve is seriously scolding himself for being too "easy", while Billy decides to convey his romantic side. Lol.

Steve and stockings; the stockening (sequel)

It's been approximately 2 weeks since Billy Hargrove moved to Hawkins and somehow he's managed to: become the new king of Hawkins high, grow an insanely large following of high school dudes, get nearly all Hawkins girls to drool, as well as finger fuck Steve Harrington in the high school boys locker room. Somehow that last part was less well known...

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Steve Harrington hated Billy Hargrove. Billy literally just got here and already became the thing everyone's been talking about.

He fingered Steve on the dirty floor of a locker room and now spends his time teasing him at school.

And they say romance is dead...

Billy threatened his life if he told anyone about their sexscapade so Steve couldn't even talk shit about it with Nancy!

Doesn't mean he can't talk shit about Billy's shitty attitude though.

"God he's the worst! Anna Hendricks, from Home Ec, told me he spent their entire date manhandling her like some Barbie doll. He's such a caveman!!" Nancy scoffed, her tiny hands deftly painting Steve's face with an assortment of expensive makeup.

Something in Steve's stomach twisted at the mention of Billy on a date with Anna.

Steve hasn't been on a single date since their porcelain encounter instead he's spending his free time either gossiping with his ex girlfriend or babysitting a group of nerd kids.

"Yeah? At least he's not pushing Anna onto her ass at any given opportunity during basketball practice! He's got some personal vendetta against me!! He's cocky, loud, brash, and unfairly hot!!" Steve grumbled, he couldn't bring up the fact Billy also whispers humiliatingly arousing insults in Steve's ear for obvious reasons.

"Steve! Sounds like someone's got a crush on Hawkins's very own local asshole!" Nancy giggled, hitting Steve's arm playfully, "now, sit still so I can finish your eyeshadow!!"

She was putting on the finishing touches, Steve's cheeks blushed a bright pink at Nancy's teasing comments.

"There!" Nancy exclaimed, stepping back to get a look at her

masterpiece.

Nancy did a pretty great job, Steve looked stunning with warm orange eyeshadow, light pink lipstick, and a heavy tint of fiery orange blush.

Steve loved it, it gave him major Molly Ringwald vibes.

“Nancy!!! It’s awesome!!” Steve squealed, a face splitting grin stretches out his cheeks. “My turn!!” He added, his hands thrown up in excitement.

That was the basic gist of Steve’s Saturday night, cheesy makeovers and an all- around typical sleepover with his best friend who just so happens to be his ex.

The town would have a conniption if they found out, hell Jonathan did, at first, that was until he realized that he needed to shut-up and trust Nancy.

Yeah, Steve still loved Nancy, but it was more of a platonic love after Nancy revealed she just didn’t feel that way about him anymore.

It was a... complicated friendship, but hey, Steve’s choked on his own bully’s cock so... his relationships weren’t ever considered ‘the norm’.

Speaking of his bully, it seemed like he was bribing his silence by giving Steve a gift every once and a while.

Steve had a box specifically for the sinful thongs Billy hid in his locker and a hidden shoe box that held a handful of Billy’s erotic notes that mostly consisted of “I want to watch my dick slide into you”s and a few “shit, you looked so hot princesses”s.

He would usually want to put those “gifts” on and he’d want to let Billy do what his notes said but Steve had made himself a promise to refuse to just be someone Billy Hargrove used to get off.

Also, Billy’s “romantic” pushes in basketball practice, didn’t reflect too kindly on Billy’s attempts at courting.

“Sarah Walsh told me that someone spotted Billy walking home a really cute girl after school one day. I asked her who and she said that no one knew! Isn’t that weird, this is Hawkins, where everyone knows everyone and their cousins! Maybe Billy’s keeping a girl chained in his basement.” Nancy joked, her face a sparkly magenta disaster after Steve’s makeup attempt.

“Pshaw! There’s no knew girl, Sarah just likes spreading rumors!” Steve nervously deflected.

They were passing a bowl of popcorn back and forth, spread out on Steve's couch as some cheesy chick flick blasted from the tv.

"Whatever." Nancy commented, her nonchalant attitude at least calms Steve a bit.

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The rest of the sleepover passed by relatively smooth.

Nancy left him a small eyeshadow pallet, a nice autumn lipstick, and a small thing of that orange blush while Steve traded her some expensive bottles of nail polish.

If he were being a 100% honest, the makeup Nancy gave him was probably cheaper than one of the bottles but they were never really his style.

Of course when he helped Nancy outside he noticed another one of Billy's gifts.

It was a decent sized cardboard box and it had 'Princess' written on it in permanent marker.

The contents inside made Steve's face flush and his knees weak.

Mesh ruffled, coral pink, bow panties are rested atop a pair of two-white striped, black thigh highs, along with black, waist high, satin shorts, and a breathtaking Jersey crop-top with an additional note that read, "thinking of you."

Damn Billy with simultaneous jerkiness and sexiness.

Steve made a promise but he was literally spending his entire Sunday at home alone, so he decided to skip the fake attempt at ignoring the outfit and swiftly slipped it on.

Dammit, he looked cute... why does Billy have to be so goddamn good at this shit!

Steve, in his new digs, took to attempting the same makeup Nancy did last night.

He plopped down in front of his mirror, makeup placed right beside him, makeup remover in case of a mess up, and went to work.

He did not perfect the look but a couple of hours of practice was a good way to spend his alone time. Especially since there wasn't much else to do...

He was halfway into wiping away his 5th disastrous attempt when the doorbell rang.

A half assed wipe of his eyeshadow as he quickly wrapped a fuzzy

blanket around his shoulder and this was good enough.

He almost tripped halfway down the stairs but he's just happy he didn't slip with his socks, he scrunches up the minimal amount behind his doorway and opened it up.

Speak of the devil. Billy Hargrove, the center of several embarrassing wet dreams, was leaning smugly against the doorway.

Steve's failed attempt to slam the door in Billy's face had Billy ripping open the door and just walking his way into the house.

"Hello Princess, did you get my present?" Billy smirked, confidence radiated from him.

Just the sight of Billy almost made Steve begin to tremble, 'don't think about it' a mantra repeated in his head.

"Yeah, I threw it away!" He lied. It would've been more convincing if his voice was steady.

"What's this? Are you lying to me bambi?" Billy inches closer, Steve steps back, which ends up edging Billy on.

"N-no! No lies here!" Steve weakly replies, his back is almost against the back wall when Billy tightly grips on one end of his blanket and pulls.

The pull causes the blanket to unwind and leaves a dizzy Steve, open, wearing Billy's gift.

Steve was shaking, his arms do a poor job at hiding his clothes.

Billy lets out a small chuckle, it almost makes Steve want to hide and cry in his bedroom, except... Billy's pupils were blown wide and he was showcasing off his trademark tongue grin.

"You look hot princess, makes me want to fuck you against the wall. Would you like that, your legs wrapped around me as I grind into you?" Billy purred, his breath ghosting over Steve's ear.

Steve's breath hitched, his knees are wobbly and, god, he really wanted that.

But... the promise...

"Billy, as much as I want that, I can't be some fuck toy you just hump and dump! That shits not my style!" Steve huffed, arms crossed in an attempt to stop the sexual tension building around them.

"What do you mean? You want to, it's that simple. You don't got to complicate it with that shit!" Billy growled, his eyes dangerous but his body still reeks of arousal.

"Billy! That shit, is my self respect! I want you to fuck me, yeah, but I also hate the idea of being a 'secret affair'!" Steve scolded, his posture laughably similar to an angry wife, hands on his slanted hips, and scowl that meant business.

"You're not my 'mistress'!" Billy snapped, offended at what Steve said. "Then what am I Billy!?" Steve cried out indignantly. His face red and twisted with frustration.

"You're my date!" Billy roared in retaliation, his face flushed with anger now, his breathing heavy.

Steve almost stopped breathing....

Billy said he and Steve were dating!

A bright, truly happy grin replaces the anger on Steve's face. His eyes are bright and the corners start to wrinkle with joy.

Now it's Billy's turn to have his breath taken away. Steve was beautiful, a shining light of pure sunlight, Billy couldn't believe that he dating this man.

Steve kisses Billy. It's soft and sweet, the exact opposite of their first kiss.

Billy kisses back, passionate, but just as soft as Steve.

They shared their breaths as their kiss began to grow more heated. Tongues dance together as Steve wraps his arms around Billy's shoulders.

Soft groans began to leak from of their entwined lips as they helplessly grind their crotches together.

"Upstairs!" Steve breathlessly pleads, pointing to the stairs.

Billy smirks as he scoops Steve up, the boy's legs tightly wrap around Billy's waist as Steve clings to Billy for dear life.

The muscles boy had both his hands under Steve's ass supporting the teen so they could quickly get to the bedroom.

As soon as they entered the room, Billy threw Steve against the bed as he ripped out a condom and a small squeeze-it, bottle of lube Billy preparedly stuffed into his front pocket.

Steve was currently watching in awe as Billy strips of his jeans and rips off his partially buttoned shirt.

Billy's cock was big, possibly too big, in Steve's opinion.

Can he take that?

His mouth was watering, staring openly at Billy's dick, he was scared but the needy hunger outweighed any of the fear.

"Princess, I need you to turn around and stick your ass up so I can get you wet, Okay?" Billy rumbled, his voice became low and gruff.

Steve's cock twitched in interest, just the way Billy talked to him got him to melt.

He was so screwed...

Ass in the air, Steve shakily knelt on his hands and knees.

Billy's cock jumped at the sight. Uniform like thigh highs lead to soft, creamy pale thighs, which ended at loose satin shorts, loose enough for Billy to make out the frilly panties Steve wore under them.

Gently, he slipped the satin shorts down Steve's legs, making sure to lightly slide the tips of his fingers against his skin.

The boy shivered as Billy reveals the cute panties, it was a nice shade of coral pink and it made Steve's skin glow, but Billy would be removing them soon.

Billy slowly removed Steve's panties, this time they around Steve's knees, his hole out in the open, Steve's legs spread a bit, the teasing touches were getting to be unbearable.

Warm wet fingers circle his rim, he didn't even hear Billy squirt the lube, then again he was a bit distracted with the featherlight touches, now he was mewling at Billy's gliding finger.

Thick fingers work their way into Steve, he grunted at the first intrusion but slowly loosened around Billy's digits.

Soon there were two, scissoring him, his body fluttering around them, moaning soft pleas.

Then came the third and with it the assault of his prostate, his entire body jolted at the pleasure, hands slipping, leaving him to balance on his elbows.

He was whining now, high pitched and needy. He must sound desperate because Billy takes pity on him and gives his cock two strokes.

The ripping of a wrapper is heard, as Billy slips his fingers out of Steve, who whines indignantly.

Billy lines his wrapped, lubed up cock, and slowly pushes into Steve's fluttering hole.

It's hard to breath for a bit, but once Billy's to the hilt, he adjusts around him.

Slowly steve starts loosening enough for Billy to start a slow rhythm of gentle thrusts.

It maddeningly slow, Steve can feel everything as Billy, slowly glides his cock in and out. He can feel the pulse of Billy's cock. Can feel the throbbing of Billy's member filling him up.

"Billy, please!" Steve sobs, he didn't realize it but tears of frustrating pleasure, flow down his flushed cheeks.

"Fuck! Princess, you were made for this! So tight and hot, your hole is contracting around me! Your such a perfect slut, so pretty and wet!" Billy whispers sweet nothings into Steve's ear, his hands wrap around the other boys hips, enveloping him in his grasp.

"Please! Please!" Steve plead, his hips jerking back to try and start up a faster pace.

"Okay, pretty, since you begged so nicely!" Billy teased with an amused tone, steve was irresistible, he knew he would never find anyone as perfect as him. This was steve, the perfect boy currently sobbing for a harder fuck!

King steve, Billy pulled out and flipped steve onto his back, Steve's clumsily legs wrapped around billy's waist.

Billy looked Steve in the eyes. An intense stare shared between them, as Billy rammed his cock back into Steve's entrance.

Steve screamed out in pleasure his body arching up in ecstasy. Steve's nails are digging into Billy's skin and he's chanting a litany of curse words, or they seem like curse words, because they're unintelligible to anyone that could hear him.

Billy's hips pistol into steve at mind numbing speed, Steve's reduced to just sounds of pleasure, drool was forming at the corners of his mouth, and Steve's eyes were glossing over.

"Fuck, Steve, fuck!" Billy saying his name pushed Steve over the edge, that and the fact that Billy repeatedly slammed dead on his prostate.

He shouted some random noise of encouragement and came, white, hot, spurts launch all the way up to his chin.

Steve clenching around his cock during his orgasm is what pushes Billy to cum. He grunts and mouths a sloppy kiss with Steve.

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Billy is wrapped around steve in an attempt to spoon, it's mostly just



Billy holding Steve's spent form, but Steve wasn't complaining.  
His panties were pulled back up, and miraculously clean.  
His thigh highs were thrown off but his crop top hangs loosely  
around his chest.

Looks like Steve was having another sleepover, two nights in a row!  
Well... they weren't exactly similar, but honestly who cared!

The boy who just fucked him to oblivion is cuddling with Steve and  
honestly, he wouldn't have it any other way.